on J>esdemona all the time. The gallantry of the thing is indescribable.

I think his failure as Othello was one of the unspoken bitternesses of Henry's life. When I say " failure " I am of course judging hirn by his own standard, and using the word to describe what lie was to himself, not what he was to the public. On the last night, he rolled up the clothes that he had worn as the Moor one by one, carefully laying one garment on top of the other, and then, half-humorously and very deliberately said, *"Never again/"*[9] Then he stretched himself with his arms above his head and gave a great sigh of relief.

Mr. Pinero was excellent as koderigo in this production. He was always good in the " silly ass" type of part, and no one could say of Lira that he was playing himself!

De^demona is not counted a. big part by actresses, but I loved playing it. Some nights I played it beautifully. My appearance was right—I was such a poor wraith of a thing. But let there be no mistake—it took strength to act this weakness and passiveness of Desdemona's. I soon found that, like Cordelia, she has plenty of character.

Reading the play the other day, I studied the opening scene. It is the finest opening to a play I know.

How many times Shakespeare draws fathers and daughters, and how little stock he seems to take of *mothers I* Portia and Desdemona, Cordelia, Rosalind and Miranda, Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine and Hennione, Ophelia, Jessica, Hero, and many more are daughters

of *jaihtrs,* but of their mothers we hear nothing. My own daughter called my attention to this fact quite recently, and it is really a singular fact. Of mothers of sons there are plenty of examples: Constance, Volumnia, the Countess Rousilion, Gertrude; but if there are mothers of daughters at all, they are poor examples, like Juliet's mother and Mrs. Page.